

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The Trumpets sounds. Dumb show followes.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poyser with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to console with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyser wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end assepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

Prince of Denmarke.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the liulest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply onc as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest,
Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first.
The instances that second marriage moue
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. That's
wormwood

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of eyther, grieve, or ioy,
Their owne ennaatures with themselves destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

For

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